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FROM
GENERATION TO GENERATION

TALES OF BY-GONE DAYS

AS RECALLED BY
MARY HELEN ADAMS LUCE

TO CHARLES LANGDON ADAMS
AND THOSE WHO BEAR HIS NAME
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IN MEMORY, APPRECIATION, AND HOPE

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FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION



CHARLES LANGDON ADAMS

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BY
MARY HELEN ADAMS LUCE

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IN THE BEGINNING

The tale I am going to tell begins in the beginning of the settlement of New England by English colonists. It is a tale of progress westward until the Pacific coast had been reached — a tale of past generations which I shall try to retell for the children of the present and future, as it was told me in my childhood by my grandmother, and by my father during many years of companionship. I shall add my own early memories, since these, too, will soon be the tale of a past generation.

My story is not a genealogical record. The record of the Adams family is already in print. Of the other branches of my family tree I have only tradition amplified and corroborated by genealogical research conducted for Charles Hill Willson into records concerning the Willson family, and for Emily Adams Van Patten in regard to the services of Micah Vail in the war of the Revolution. The Willson family papers have been placed at my disposal by Mrs. Charles Hill Willson and will be found in genealogical notes at the end of the volume. The papers of Emily Van Patten were, I believe, destroyed when her home in California burned, but as the information they contained had been gathered from old records, tombstones, and traditions still current in the vicinity of Poultney, Vermont, it could probably be retraced.

For more definite details of my grandmother's stories than my own memory supplied I am indebted to Lodice Porter Patterson, whose home from childhood until after her marriage had been with our grandmother, and for the more vivid details of the Panama shipwreck I am indebted to Susan Adams Brooks, whose father, Allen Adams, the youngest member of the shipwrecked party, seems to have told the most thrilling story of that episode. Many of the details of my father's business career are taken from the *Lumber Trade Journal* of June 1, 1911.

MARY HELEN ADAMS LUCE

Marion, Massachusetts

November 18, 1927

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A CERTAIN Jeremiah Adams migrated from Massachusetts and settled in the Green Mountains. Like many other Adamses of the Revolutionary period, he was a descendant of Henry Adams of Braintree, Massachusetts, and related to the presidents of the name. Little is known of this Jeremiah Adams beyond the fact that he is the connecting link between the Adams family of Massachusetts and one of its New York branches. His son Pliny Adams was, however, a man of forceful personality and became a commanding figure in his time and locality.

Pliny Adams settled in Hampton, Washington County, New York. He married Lucretia, a daughter of Micah Vail of Poultney, Vermont, one of the seven captains serving with Ethan Allen's "Green Mountain Boys." Micah Vail and his wife died on the same day and are buried in a double grave. A local, but not very well authenticated, tradition says that they were poisoned by Tories. A virulent epidemic

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of measles is known to have been raging at the time.

Pliny Adams became one of the leading men of the countryside. He owned what were then considered large estates, including a general store, from which he equipped, at his own expense, an infantry regiment which served with Pliny Adams as colonel in the war of 1812. The Colonel entertained lavishly in the old Adams house which was built in 1813 and is still standing, though very much remodeled, in Hampton, New York.

The Adams family were Episcopalians and evidently kept Christmas in old English fashion, for the Yule log for the huge fireplace had to be drawn by a horse into the great hall. It is said that a member of this family, an aunt or sister of Pliny Adams, whom it has unfortunately not been possible to identify, was the only lady who remained in Plattsburg during its occupation by the British during the war of 1812. This gallant lady refused to leave a sick son when the women and children were ordered to leave the town. Abandoned by her servants,

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she stayed with her son in one of the large houses on the bluff overlooking Lake Champlain. British officers came and made themselves quite at home, but were courteous to the lady of the mansion, assuring her of their protection. When the battle on the lake took place they watched it through their glasses, wherein they had the advantage of their involuntary hostess who could only watch anxiously the faces of the watchers. She saw the faces of the "Redcoats" grow graver and graver, till at last a hurried consultation took place and then a hurried departure. The Yankees had won the battle on the lake and American troops entered Plattsburg.

Colonel Pliny Adams had several sons and daughters who were leaders among a gay set of young people of the neighborhood, but Chauncey Langdon Adams, named for Chauncey Langdon, a close friend of Colonel Pliny's, is the only one who has left male descendants still bearing the name of Adams — Edward Larrabee Adams of Ann Arbor, Michigan, with his two sons, Edward Larrabee Jr.,

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and Dwight; and Charles Langdon Adams, with his son Charles Langdon Adams Jr., and third of the name.

Chauncey Langdon Adams married Lodice Willson, eldest daughter of John Ward Willson, a son of Major Guild Willson of Hebron, Washington County, New York. Guild Willson was probably a son of Uriah Willson and Mary Guild, and a descendant of Henry Willson who settled in Dedham, Massachusetts, about 1639. Family tradition says that he was related to that Samuel Willson, inspector of army stores, who was so generally known as "Uncle Sam" that when he marked goods which he had passed "U. S." his neighbors thought he was using his own initials and "U. S." came to stand, first locally, and then generally, for "Uncle Sam" and to give a personality to the newly united states.

Guild,* or Guile, Willson, had served when a young man as a private in Captain Joseph Hooker's Company, Colonel Woodbridge's regiment in the Revolutionary War. There is a

* See page 89.

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family tradition that he was one of twelve sons and sons-in-law of a man who was himself in the fighting lines, and that this was brought to the attention of Washington, who had the older man discharged from service, but whether this tale is of Uriah Willson or John Ward is not told. Probability points to John Ward who had sixteen children.

Guild Willson's early home was in Belchertown, Massachusetts, and his wife was Ruth Ann Ward of that place. She was a descendant of William Ward who had settled in Sudbury, Massachusetts, in 1639 and had taken part in King Philip's War. It was to this family that General Artemas Ward of Revolutionary fame belonged. After his marriage Guild Willson moved from Belchertown to new land in New York state which had been granted him for his services in the War for Independence, and which he called Belcher in memory of the town he had left. When he made his clearing on his grant of government land it was in territory still occupied by Indian tribes. There were no roads, nor even trails practicable for horses, to

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the nearest settlement, so at first young Willson had to carry on his back through the woods such supplies as were necessary for his family.

Indians began coming to the house to beg for salt which was freely given to them, but as they came in increasing numbers, and as salt was precious because of its difficult transportation, Guild Willson decided that it must be refused and that the Indians must go, as he did, to the settlement to barter for it. One day, soon after this new policy had become effective a band of Indians came to the house when Ruth Willson was there with only her young baby. To give salt in her husband's absence would be to teach the Indians to watch for his departure, so she knew it must be refused. With terror in her heart she took her baby on her lap and steadfastly shook her head, expecting to be instantly killed. The Indians grew angry and threatening, but one old man seemed to intercede for her, and while they were apparently arguing her husband returned and, she believed, saved her life. In the winter, Indians came often to warm themselves

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at the Willson hearth. Sometimes squaws came with babies which they would stand on their boards outside the house. The papooses cried and whined, "like little puppies," and this Ruth Willson could not endure, so she would go out and bring in the babies, boards and all, at which the squaws would nudge each other and laugh. Possibly some theory of hardening children was in vogue among Indian mothers.

Ruth Ward Willson never lost her pioneer pluck. When an old lady she went from Washington County to visit some of her children in the "Black River country," now Watertown. She rode on horseback and alone. When she returned the bridge across the river at Glens Falls had been condemned, but the nearest bridge was fifteen or twenty miles down the river and she "could not bear," to retrace her steps, so she took her horse's bridle and led it across the shaking structure which fell next day.

In his later years Guild Willson lived in Hebron, New York, where he served as a town officer. He became interested in raising fine

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horses of which he was very proud. He mounted his daughters on his finest and fastest when they rode out with other young people, and expected them to lead every party of which they were members. To be sure of this he often took occasion to ride in the direction the party had taken, and if he found a horse of his lagging, he would ride up and give it a cut with his whip which took the question of leading or lagging out of the hands of the rider. For some time Guild Willson served as pathmaster of the town of Hebron, and he seemed to have taken special interest in the road to matrimony, for he was an inveterate matchmaker. When he saw among his acquaintances two that he thought would do well together he deliberately did all he could to get them married. On one occasion his efforts were used to unite a man of sour and surly disposition and a woman of violent temper, and, as he was pluming himself on the result of his good offices some one remonstrated, "But they'll never get on together." "Neither of 'em could get on with anyone, there'll be one unhappy home instead

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of two," pronounced the pathmaster, with satisfaction.

Another tale tells of two varieties of feminism in the Willson family. All hands were at work trying to get in a hay crop before an approaching storm. Success looked less probable every minute and finally Guild Willson told one of the younger children to go to the house and get the girls to come and help. As the child started he saw his son John, a man grown, drop his fork and start for the house. The father's sharp "Where are you going?" brought the angry retort, "Home to do the girls' work."

This is the only recorded instance of anger on the part of John Ward Willson. Later, in his own home, he seems to have been the gentlest of men, and to have left even family discipline wholly in the very capable hands of his wife, Mary, or "Polly" Hill. Mary Hill Willson was a daughter of Thomas Hill, a descendant of one Jonathan Hill who had settled in Rhode Island about 1661. Succeeding generations of Hills had lived in Rhode Island and

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southeastern Massachusetts. Thomas Hill served in the Revolutionary War. His wife was Susanna Cook, a daughter of Peter Cook, and descended from Walter Cook who settled in Weymouth, Massachusetts, about 1643. There the Cooks held numerous offices in church and state. Susanna Cook was remembered by her Willson grandchildren as a gentle little Quakeress who visited their home when they were small, said "thee" and rebuked them for wearing bright colors.

There seems to have been little of Quaker meekness about Susanna's daughter Polly, however. She was a woman of singularly forceful, even dominant character, endowed with remarkably keen insight and quick perception. She had the gift of inspiring the confidence and affection of those with whom she came into close association. Her sons and daughters, not only while they were children, but after they were grown and married seem never to have questioned her right to their obedience, and to have accorded it to her with a loyalty and affection which lasted throughout her life. It

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is told of her that when a girl in her very early teens she had met and chased away a bear. Her home and that of a near relative were separated by a wooded knoll through which ran a path. A churn was used in common by the two families, being transported back and forth as occasion required. One morning Polly Hill, with a younger child in her care, was sent to fetch the churn, and when returning home with it was startled as they reached the top of the knoll, to see a large bear not many yards away awaiting their approach with interest and curiosity. Polly was frightened, but did what she would have done to scare away any animal: she shook the churn. The bear retreated a few steps, turned and again waited. Again Polly shook the churn, and again the bear retreated a short distance. Polly considered the situation: home was not very far away, the path was down hill, and if it could be cleared, a short run would bring them to safety. With all her might she shook and rattled the churn and then sent it clattering down the hill toward the bear. This time he did not

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wait nor turn, but fled into the woods. The thoroughly frightened children reached home breathless and told their story, to be greeted, not with the expected sympathy, but with incredulity. No bears had been seen for years in the vicinity, probably they had seen an unusually large woodchuck. In vain they protested that they would not have mistaken a woodchuck for a bear — their hearers were unconvinced. But as the churn must be retrieved and it was manifestly impossible to send the children back for it, Thomas Hill went himself and returned with the churn and a very white face: in the mud at the bottom of the slope he had found the fresh tracks of a very large bear.

John Ward Willson and his wife spent their early married life on a farm, or farms, in Washington County, but because of ill health he later moved, first to Fort Edward, then to Sandy Hill. About 1830 he purchased a house in Glens Falls, and was a trustee when the present town of that name was incorporated as a village. The old house stood until recently,

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and one tree which John Willson planted still stands — a majestic elm. Whenever a child was born in the Willson family the father planted a tree — elms for the boys and maples for the girls — he planted five elms and four maples. The sons of John Ward Willson were: James, who died in childhood; Lyman Guild, Allen Tillinghast, John Ward, and Charles Hill, all were given family names. The daughters were: Lodice, Susan, Ruth Ann, and Marietta, called "Mate." Susan and Ruth were named for their grandmothers, Lodice for an aunt. She thought her name had originally come from an early novel. These Willson daughters were girls of strong individuality. All, as old ladies, loved to talk of their girlhood, so there are copious stories of their early days.

Lodice, according to her sisters, was a dainty little person, exquisitely pretty, with tiny feet and hands. This is readily credible, since it was all true of her at eighty. She was of even temperament, clear judgment, and was famed for her housewifery — particularly for her cooking.

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Susan was of a sweet mild nature, possibly resembling the Quaker grandmother for whom she had been named. Susan was her father's special pet and companion.

Ruth was the Intellectual, always a great reader and student. Her chief beauty was a wealth of golden hair, and of it she was rather proud. Its white silken masses were still beautiful in her old age. Marietta was preëminently the beauty of the family, a handsome, lively, high-spirited girl, and a social leader always.

One anecdote showing disciplinary methods in the Willson family is told of John Ward Willson, Jr. and his mother. John, when a small boy, came to breakfast one morning complaining of feeling ill, and was permitted to stay home from school. By dinner time he was quite well again, and went out to play in the afternoon. Next morning he again complained of illness. "Go right back to bed," said his mother. John thought he was not ill enough for that, but his mother insisted. A little later she came to his room. "John," she said, "I think I neglected you yesterday, or this illness

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would not have come back." She then gave him a large dose of very bitter medicine which she repeated every half hour, until the poor child assured her that he was entirely cured, and would be well enough to go to school the next day.

Going to school was something of an ordeal to the Willson children. Their parents were Universalists in the days when the denial of the doctrine of eternal damnation was a heresy calling for social ostracism. The children were taunted at school with being "wicked Universalists" and Ruth, always valiant, was sometimes goaded into assailing her tormentors like a little fury.

The stigma of Universalism did not prevent a young Irish schoolmaster from losing his heart to Lodice Willson while she was still a school-girl, but the suit of young Mr. Shields did not find favor with Mrs. Willson and was dismissed. Later he became a General in the Civil War. Several suitors, one of whom was quite favored by the daughter, were dismissed by the mother, whose good graces were finally won by young

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Chauncey Langdon Adams of Hampton, and Lodice Willson became his wife with her mother's entire approval.

Susan married William G. Thomas, a lumber merchant of Albany.

Ruth became the wife of Charles Watrous, whom she met and married in California. Mr. Watrous has left a delightful story of his eventful life, written for his grandchildren, and printed for private circulation among relatives and friends.

Marietta married Edward J. Larrabee, a pioneer in the manufacture of English biscuit, or crackers, in this country. Their home was in Albany.

The Willson daughters all lived to pass the age of ninety; of the sons, Charles alone lived to pass middle age. Lyman died in early manhood leaving two sons, Lyman and Walter. John became a lumber merchant in New York City, where he was joined by his brother-in-law, Charles Watrous, and later by his brother, Charles Willson.

Allen went to California in the early fifties,

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and became one of the state's leading lawyers, as well as a prominent ranchman. He had an interest in ranches near Pescadero, a small fishing village on the Pacific coast between San Francisco and Santa Cruz, in which some members of a Steele family were also interested.

Charles Hill was the youngest member of the Willson family, nineteen years younger than his sister Lodice and little older than her children, to whom he was more like an older brother than an uncle. The children of Lodice often needed the help and guidance of their uncles, for, in spite of what seems to have been great early promise, Chauncey Adams did not prove a successful man. After their marriage he and his wife went to live in a small house, still standing, in Hampton. Here their four children, Mary, John Willson, Charles Langdon, and Allen Willson were born. Affairs did not prosper with them, and when glowing tales of Californian opportunities came steadily eastward Chauncey Adams started for the Golden West alone, overland, and his wife returned with her children to her mother's home

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in Glens Falls. Chauncey Adams never reached his friends in California and all trace of him was lost.

In 1858 Mrs. Chauncey Adams took her four children to California, where her sister Ruth and her brother Charles had already joined Allen Willson. Of the years in California she said very little in after life. Her problems must have been perplexing and her life sad. Her only daughter, Mary, married in California, becoming Mrs. Porter, but died only a few years later leaving a little daughter, Lodice, who came in childhood to live in Glens Falls with her grandmother Adams. After several years in California Mrs. Adams returned a second time to her mother's Glens Falls home.

It was at about this time that a great interest in Spiritualism was aroused by the Fox sisters. These sisters were mediums through whom the spirits of the dead were thought to communicate with their friends by various manifestations of their presence. Lodice Adams, her sister Susan Thomas, and her brother Charles all became interested. It was not

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strange that the Willsons should be attracted to the new faith. Of early Puritan stock, intermingled with a Quaker strain, they had early become Universalists and had a glorious heritage of nonconformity. Moreover the Willsons were distinctly what would now be called psychic. Allen had dreams in which were revealed to him facts unknown to his waking hours. On one occasion he saw clearly in his sleep the volume and page on which was a legal reference for which he had been vainly searching, and on waking found the reference exactly as he had seen it in his dream. Susan and Charles both heard supernatural voices, and Susan had often felt that her father had appeared and spoken to her after his death. Once she had seen her father and he had told her to take care of Charles. Susan Willson, at that time Mrs. Thomas, was living in Albany, and Charles, a stripling, was also living in Albany, but so far as she knew or could learn, well and quite able to take care of himself. About the same time Charles was preparing to go out hunting for small game in the vicinity as he often did.

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While making his preparations he heard a voice that seemed to be his father's say, "Charles, don't shoot!" and was so impressed by the warning that he gave up his expedition. Some time afterward, however, he did go hunting. As he raised his gun to fire at his first quarry he heard a voice near him say, "Don't shoot!" he lowered his gun, but since he saw no one he again took aim. Again he heard the words, "Don't shoot!" He looked about and decided that he must have heard the cry of some bird, or was the victim of some trick, or mere nervousness, and fired. When he regained consciousness a frightful pain seemed to rend his head, the blood was streaming from his face and he was blinded. His gun had exploded. He managed to grope his way to the roadside where he was found and taken to his sister Susan's house. She always felt that in taking care of Charles she was obeying the voice of their dead father. Charles recovered his sight, but had lost the use of one eye.

Mrs. Mary Willson scoffed at her children's interest in "table rappings," but when one day

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a friend came and told her that her husband was trying to communicate with her she went to a seance, became convinced that she was indeed communicating with her husband and became so devoted a Spiritualist that her children often thought her credulity excessive.

Lodice Willson Adams kept her faith in Spiritualism to the end. Late in life during a serious illness she reproved the doctor and nurse for trying to keep her "Here." "I have so many more on the other side than on this," she said, "I wish you would let me go to them." Her release was not granted until several years later. She died on November 18, 1904, at the age of ninety-one.

CHARLEY ADAMS

"CHARLEY," the third child of Chauncey Langdon and Lodice Willson Adams, was born December 20, 1845, at Hampton, a small village in Washington County, New York. His mother would have liked to give him his father's name, but Chauncey, in northeastern New York, was pronounced with the flat drawled A and nasal twang of New England, and she thought the name so ugly that she decided to call the baby Charles, for his uncle, and Langdon for his father, thus preserving the initials, if not the full name of the latter.

The Willsons were Universalists, but the Adams family were staunch "Churchmen," and, in deference to their wishes, Charles Langdon Adams was christened in a very primitive little Episcopal church. It was on this occasion that Charley Adams recorded his first protest against religious forms and ceremonies. As there was no set baptismal font in the church a basin was brought in for the baby's christening, and he kicked with sufficient vigor to over-

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turn it. At about three years of age he evinced the first signs of religious scepticism by remarking to his mother, "I don't believe there is any God." "Why don't you, Charley?" asked his mother. "Well, I've never seen him." "But you believe you have a little cousin in Albany, don't you? and you've never seen him." "No, but grandma has." Charley never lost his dislike of religious forms and ceremonies, nor his preference for the testimony of a good reliable witness over ancient tradition even in matters of faith.

It must have been at about this time that Mrs. Chauncey Adams heard the sound of a thud in the room where her two youngest boys were sleeping in the same bed. She hurried into the room and found Charley lying on the floor, but still sound asleep. Trying to rouse him enough to get him back into bed, she said, "Wake up Charley, you've fallen out of bed," and a sleepy voice replied, "'Taint me, it's Allie."

It was while Charley was still a small boy that his father started on the trip to California

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from which he never returned, and the children were taken by their mother to the home of Mrs. John Ward Willson in Glens Falls. It was here that their early school days were passed. A boy was expected to fight his way through school, and Charley Adams was a fighter. Small and slight, he more than made up in quickness and agility what he lacked in size and weight, and was a match for any boy of his own age, for he never let the other fellow hit first. Charley was an excitable little chap and cried easily from nervousness, so that he often fought his hardest battles with the tears streaming down his face. But woe to any boy who laughed, for this weakness was a sensitive point with him, and any scoffer was sure to be the next victim of his rage.

It was during the Glens Falls school days that the Adams boys and their playmates used to go swimming in a pool near the village. John Willson owned a large Newfoundland dog who considered life-saving his special mission in life and watched every chance for a "rescue." Being "rescued" was a very uncomfortable proc-

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ess, for the dog was not particular by what part of the anatomy he grabbed his victims, but it was unavoidable if "Willson's dog" caught them in the pool, so a watch on the bank had always to be kept, and at the shout "Willson's dog," the bathers scrambled for the shore.

Mary Adams was a lovely girl, with masses of wavy chestnut hair, and a manner of carrying her head high, which made the villagers call her "proud." She was a brilliant student, and began to teach school while in her teens.

John Adams was a rather visionary and impractical youth, full of vague and wonderful schemes which never matured, whereas Charley could be depended on to carry out anything he had planned. Their mother found that if Charley went trout fishing there would be trout for supper, and if he went blueberrying she might as well prepare her pie crust, while if John went trout fishing he might return with perch, or with blueberries, but was more likely to return empty handed, but with his head full of some wonderful plan for the following day.

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Charley Adams not only always brought back what he went for, but he always had enough of anything he possessed to share with others. Whether it was money he earned or something that was given him, the larger portion was invariably brought home for his mother and sister.

Allen Adams was a little chap at this time, and seems usually to have been under Charley's protection. These two brothers were the closest of friends and associates throughout their lives.

It was during his school days that an incident occurred which, Charley Adams said, influenced his whole career. He had a quick and violent temper and one day a boy somewhat older than himself made him very angry. As immediate settlement was for some reason impossible, Charley contented himself by telling the other boy the terrible things he was going to do to him when he "got a chance." The other boy let him finish his tirade and then calmly remarked, "But what would I be doing?" Charley never forgot that remark. He never again neglected to take into account

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what the other fellow might do. But it certainly was not always, nor indeed usually, as an antagonist that Charley Adams thought of the "other fellow." Constant, unfailing regard for that "other fellow" was one of his most salient characteristics. "The other fellow" was always in his mind; always entitled to consideration, to regard, to respect, unless he had deliberately forfeited that right; entitled to his own opinions, to fair play on all occasions, and to an equal opportunity to win his full share of all the good things of life. Often, in later years, when some associate or acquaintance said to him, "You could have made more on that deal," he would answer, "I got what I wanted, give the other fellow a chance."

In October, 1858, Mrs. Lodice Adams started with her four children to join her brothers, Allen and Charles Willson in California. They went by way of the Isthmus of Panama. The voyage proved tempestuous and their vessel stranded on a small uninhabited island where both Mary and Charley became ill with Panama fever.

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Allen Adams in after years told his daughter Susan the story of the shipwreck of which he had a vivid recollection. From his account it appears that the vessel, which had been blown in a gale far out of its course, struck a reef, but was floated off, and found to be considerably damaged. The captain, not knowing how seaworthy the ship might prove, judged it wise to land his passengers with what supplies he could spare, and put back into the traffic route to seek assistance. The vessel was gone for about a week, during which time food and water both ran low on the island, and Allen, a little boy at the time, hunted the island for pools trying to find rain water with which his sick sister could rinse her mouth. At the end of an anxious week the party was rescued and proceeded to San Francisco.

Charley Adams was, at this time, thirteen years old, and was sent to boarding school in Petaluma. This was apparently not a very successful venture in education for his stay there lasted but a few months, and he then went to the ranch of his uncle Allen near Pes-

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cadereo. Of these ranch days Charles Willson and his nephews never tired of talking. On the ranch there were several young men and boys who seem to have been very congenial and to have lived the life of ranchmen with great gusto. A part of the time, when they were rounding up cattle, they stayed in a shack on one of the ranges where they had a Chinese cook, who, they believed, thought they were bandits, or at least cattle thieves, but was quite indifferent to the character and calling of his employers. The young men rode away at day-break, and often did not return till late at night; they never did any visible work, but always had plenty of money, and sometimes they drove a herd of cattle into a near-by corral. One day they returned to find a small calf in the corral, and their cook in a high state of excitement. "Me catchee little cow," he shouted, "Me catchee little cow," pointing with pride to his capture. If it was "a game he did not understand," it was evidently one in which he stood ready to assist.

It was on the ranch that Charles Willson,

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who was always thin and slight of build, had his famous mush and milk contest with a brawny ranchman. As his opponent gave up the contest he exclaimed, "Gosh, Charles, you must be hollowed out thin!"

From the ranch there were frequent excursions to Pescadero, and longer expeditions to San Francisco, where Lotta Crabtree, then a young and very pretty girl, was a stage favorite. Minstrel shows were a popular form of amusement and the young ranchers acquired an extensive repertory of negro melodies. Either at Pescadero or at San Francisco an inn was kept by an enterprising pioneer in advertising who posted large signs about the country with the following inscriptions:

"Happy and content are Swindley's boarders."

"Swindleys. Meal 2 bits, Square meal 4 bits, Regular Gorge 6 bits."

"Rest for the weary and storage for trunks at Swindleys."

Occasionally there was trouble with cattle thieves, and disputes with other ranchmen

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arose in which weapons were drawn, but not with any very great ferocity so far as the Steele and Willson ranchers were concerned.

Allen Willson was, notably, what nearly every Willson took pride in being, "a crank." A man of high ability, he was, besides being a successful ranchman, one of early California's leading lawyers and in this capacity travelled much throughout the state. On his trips he always carried his own home made bread, and his own coffee and coffee pot, for his coffee had always to be served to him exceeding hot and exceeding strong, and he preferred to make it himself rather than take any chance in the matter.

His wife, Charlotte, was very popular with the young ranchers. She had a pleasing voice and sang old ballads with great charm. Charley Adams, too, had a good voice, and loved to sing, and from his Aunt Charlotte he learned many an old favorite which gave joy to his children later. Of these a serenade of one Barney Brannigan to his lady-love, and the ballad immortalized in "Trilby," of the Cava-

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lier who was discouraged by the sight of his rival's gloves, particularly charmed his young audience. It must have been in his ranch days, too, that Charley learned to dance jigs, an accomplishment he never lost. He was wonderfully light on his feet, quick and agile, and a lively dance tune was a challenge he could never resist, so his pigeon-wings and other jig steps became a marvel to a younger generation.

In 1863, Charley Adams, a wide-awake young gentleman of eighteen, came back east to go into the lumber yard of his uncles, John Willson and Charles Watrous. The Willson and Watrous lumber yard was in New York City on the East River front, where, in the days of riot and disorder following the Civil War, gangs of roughs lounged about on the wharves, and the young men employed in the yards, including Charles Willson, who had preceded his nephews to New York, and Charley and Allen Adams, had a tougher element to deal with and more need of both nerve and weapons than they had ever known in their ranch days. Cali-

CHARLEY ADAMS

fornia had hardly felt that the nation was at war. News from the east was so scant, so unreliable and so slow in coming that the struggle between the North and South had been little realized in the far West. But in New York the war had left an aftermath of turbulence, and Charley Adams faced with his back to a lumber pile, and his revolver drawn, many a gang of rowdies with whose depredations he had interfered. On one occasion Allen Adams started in pursuit of one of these rowdies. Allen was slower to anger, but far less cautious when roused than his brother, who, knowing this, started in pursuit of the pursuer. Down a dirty alley the three sped, into a squalid shanty, from which only the levelled pistol of Charley, and his threat to shoot the first to interfere, permitted them to escape unharmed.

Charley's quickness in action was always astonishing — perception, decision, and action seemed with him to be one instantaneous process. Once he was driving with Charles Willson behind a team of fast horses. Mr. Willson was a great lover of dogs and horses, and drove beau-

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tiful trotters, some of which he had himself raised; on this occasion a dog of whom Mr. Willson was especially fond ran beside the carriage and was suddenly attacked by several large dogs which ran out from a farm gate. Charley Adams seized the whip from the socket and sprang from the carriage while it was moving so rapidly as to have passed many yards beyond the place where he had beaten the dogs off before it could be brought to a stop.

Another time just as he stepped across a hawser which was attached to a vessel unloading lumber, the rope was suddenly drawn taut, jerking him ten or twelve feet into the air, but he had caught the rope and held on till it could be lowered.

A story he loved to tell was of having once offered his seat in a horse car to a tired-looking German woman. A big stout man pushed ahead of her into the seat, but before he was fairly seated, was grabbed by the collar and "brought up standing" by the small, slender, but highly irate Charley who indignantly exclaimed "I gave that seat to the lady!"

CHARLEY ADAMS

"Ach," said the puzzled German, "dot was my vife."

Among the young men at the Willson and Watrous lumber yards there appeared one day a dark eyed, curly headed little fellow in his teens, called "Jack" Carvalho, who became the closest business associate and warmest personal friend of Charley Adams. These young men were "Jack" and "Charley" to the world at large, reserving formal titles of "J. S." and "Charles L." respectively, for signatures. To their friends they were always "Jack" and "Charley," and their friends were pretty generally all who knew them.

The business career of Charley Adams is told in the *Lumber Trade Journal* of June 1, 1911, from which the following paragraphs are largely quoted:

"In 1863 Mr. Adams returned East to accept an offer to go into the lumber business with his uncles, John W. Willson and Charles Watrous, who had organized the firm of Willson and Watrous about 1861, succeeding Smith and Willson."

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The firm later became Watrous and Willson, when, after the death of John Willson, his brother Charles became a partner.

“Mr. Adams started as a ‘tally boy,’ asking no particular consideration, and claiming promotion purely on his merits. During his apprenticeship he did nearly everything in connection with the work of conducting a yard business. Within a year he was yard foreman and salesman.... In later years when the demands of business took him on long trips to the various pine and hardwood markets his ability as a buyer became equally pronounced.”

The hardwood trade at this time was done largely through the Cleveland market.

“In about six years Mr. Adams obtained an interest in the concern, with which he remained until 1873, when he left it to conduct a commission business on his own account. A few months later he organized the firm of “Charles L. Adams and Co.” of which Messrs. Watrous and Willson were the company. In 1879 Mr. Watrous retired and the old firm of Watrous and Willson combined with the firm of Charles

CHARLEY ADAMS

L. Adams and Co. under the firm name of Willson Adams and Co. which was for years among the foremost houses of the eastern states.”

The firm of Willson Adams and Company consisted of five members, Charles Hill Willson, Charles L. Adams, Allen W. Adams, Walter Willson Watrous, a son of Charles Watrous, and J. S. Carvalho. At first this firm operated both the downtown yard of Watrous and Willson at 42nd Street and the East River, and the new yard which Charles L. Adams had opened in Mott Haven, but about 1891 they closed out the lower yard, acquiring the land for a large new yard at 149th Street and the Harlem River. The company later opened a branch at Mount Vernon, New York, which was at first under the management of Lyman Willson, son of the Lyman Willson of a former generation, and Alaric Hitchcock, a brother-in-law of Allen Adams.

“In 1907 the firm of Willson Adams and Company closed out its business and property holdings on the Harlem River. Concurrently

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Charles L. Adams and J.S. Carvalho purchased a substantial interest in the large Brooklyn house of Cross Austin and Ireland Lumber Company, Mr. Carvalho becoming vice president and director, Mr. Adams a director, and his son, Charles Langdon Adams Jr., treasurer, the Cross Austin Ireland Company taking over the stock of the retiring firm."

This closed the active business career of Charley Adams. His home life belongs to the story of Helen and her babies.

“HELEN’S BABIES”

IN the Autumn of 1870 Charley Adams made his most important trip to Cleveland, Ohio, a trip wholly unconnected with the lumber business, and in November of that year he returned to New York bringing as his bride Helen Mary Tyler, a daughter of Benjamin Farley, and Sarah Bennett Tyler.

This was an event of great moment among the group of cousins, sons and daughters of the Willson sisters, for, not only was it the first wedding to take place in the group, but Helen Tyler was also a cousin.

“Polly” Hill, wife of John Ward Willson, had a sister “Betsy” * who had married Frederick Tyler, a member of the Tyler family of Tylersville, New York. Frederick Tyler had become interested in the Western Reserve lands in Ohio, had located in Ohio City, now the “West Side” of Cleveland, and there his son Benjamin had married Sarah, youngest daughter of Nathaniel Bennett. Nathaniel Bennett

* See page 88.

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was a son of Deliverance Bennett of Southport, Connecticut, and a descendant of early settlers in Connecticut.* Like Frederick Tyler, he had become interested in the Western Reserve lands.

During the childhood of his daughter Helen, the family of Benjamin Tyler lived in a large house, old-fashioned even for the "forties," and dating back to the time of the earliest settlers. This house was on the west bank of the Cuyahoga River near where the viaduct now crosses from the East Side. The grounds were large, and though Benjamin Tyler was not a farmer, he clung to old farm methods and customs. The family not only grew their own vegetables but raised, killed, and smoked their own hogs, made their own soap and candles, and brewed their own bitters from herbs grown for that purpose in their garden. The cooking was done at an open fireplace, and the baking in a brick oven built into the chimney long after more progressive neighbors had begun to use "cook stoves." The Tyler family kept

* The Bennett family. Page 98.

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“open house” as the term was understood in those days. Whole families came without notice of any kind, and stayed for days or weeks as suited their convenience or pleasure. On the arrival of guests there was great bustle and all hands hurried to making up of beds, putting unused rooms in readiness, and preparing food of the kind and quantity which hospitality demanded. The care and responsibility of the household devolved on Emily, the oldest daughter, the mother having become an invalid after the birth of her youngest child, Samuel.

Emily was a little younger than her cousin Marietta, or “Mate” Willson, and the two girls were intimate friends, often making long visits in each other’s homes. John Willson was also a frequent visitor in the Tyler household, since business trips took him often to Cleveland, and it was by his invitation that Helen made the first of many trips to New York. She went by boat from Cleveland to Buffalo where she visited the family of her Uncle Philander Bennett, and formed an intimate and lasting friendship with his granddaughter

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“Kitty” Germain, afterwards Mrs. Frank Winfield Hubby of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Frank Winfield Hubby of New York City, a son of this “Kitty” Germain, has made interesting researches into the records of the Bennett family, tracing them back into the earliest colonial days of Connecticut, where various members of the family held positions of honor and authority.

After some time spent in Buffalo, Helen Tyler journeyed on to Albany, visiting there her cousins, Mrs. William G. Thomas and Mrs. Edward J. Larrabee — Susan and Marietta Willson. From Albany she went to New York to the home of Mr. John Willson, and after a brief stay there, made the first of many long visits at the home of Mrs. Charles Watrous, for she and her cousin Ruth proved to be especially congenial.

Mr. and Mrs. Watrous were fond of entertaining, and particularly fond of having young people about them. Their own boys, Harry and Walter, were children at this time, but at the Watrous and Willson lumber yard were

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employed a group of young men, mostly sons of relatives and old friends, who were always made welcome in the Watrous home. The courtship of Charley Adams and Helen Tyler had its beginning in this very genial atmosphere, and was by no means the only one which started under the supervision of Mrs. Watrous, who had a taste and a talent for matchmaking inherited, perhaps, from her grandfather Guild Willson.

On their arrival in New York City after their honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Langdon Adams took up their abode in a boarding house apparently much frequented by the newly wed. There was at least one other bridal couple in the house who furnished Charley Adams with one of his favorite stories. A bachelor brother of the groom abode in the same house. The bride was very plain, and she was usually so late for breakfast that her husband left her at the table, and always kissed her before leaving. One morning the bride left the room very soon after her devoted husband, and from the bachelor brother came a low but perfectly distinct

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utterance, "Jim always takes his bitters after breakfast."

It was in this establishment that the first of Helen's babies arrived in March, 1872, a little girl, who was named Emily for Helen's elder sister. Little Emily was a fragile child, and Helen a novice in the care of children. One day she lifted her baby by one arm which slipped out of its socket. A few days later, intending to be very careful, she lifted little Emily by both arms — and both left their moorings. However, under the supervision of cousin, now become aunt, Ruth and Dr. Guernsey, then a prominent homeopathic physician, the baby came safe through many vicissitudes.

Helen and little Emily went to spend the summer of 1873 with Mrs. Lodice Adams at Glens Falls and here a second little daughter was born, and was called Mary, by her grandmother's request in remembrance of Mary Adams Porter who had recently died in the West. Helen was added as a middle name.

The following winter, Helen with her two

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babies went to Cleveland to be with her invalid mother, and her sister Emily. The health of the latter had become so far impaired that Helen closed the Cleveland home, bringing to her own home in New York her mother and her young brother Samuel Tyler. Emily Tyler remained in Cleveland, but lived only two years longer.

It was about this time that the title, "Helen's Babies," taken from a popular book of the day, was bestowed collectively by the group of young cousins on the rapidly increasing family of Charley and Helen Adams.

The family now moved to 81st Street, just east of Central Park, a section of the city recently annexed, still called Yorkville, and quite suburban in character. To the west the little frequented Central Park made an ideal playground for the children, and to the east Third Avenue had begun to develop as a business thoroughfare, along which a horsecar line connected this outlying district with the shopping center, the fine store of A. T. Stewart at Ninth Street and Broadway. The New York Central

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railroad had a station at 86th Street and Fourth Avenue, in its very smoky tunnel, to serve this uptown district.

The city water supply had not yet been constructed to supply Lenox Hill in Yorkville, so all the water used in the Adams household had to be pumped by hand to a tank in the third story. The pumping was done evenings by Charley Adams and Helen's brother Samuel. The wasting of water was an unpardonable crime in the household, so Helen was considerably startled one evening when her small daughter Mary, not yet two years old, threatened to let all the water out of the tank if she was not rocked to sleep — a threat chiefly noteworthy from one so young because the turning of a faucet was within her power of execution, and the consequences might be so dire.

Mary Helen was a precocious infant: at eight months old she had begun to say a few words, and at thirteen months she both walked and talked, dogging her sister Emily's every step and repeating her every utterance. At eighteen months Mary began to memorize and

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“recite” Mother Goose and other nursery rhymes. While Emily and Mary were still almost babies their father one day brought home a puppy for them. Emily was charmed but Mary was terrified — one child howled when the dog was brought into the room, the other when it was taken out. The dog was taken away, and Emily, who always remembered the incident, said she never could quite forgive her sister, nor understood why the latter’s wails were more effective than her own. In August, 1875, a third little daughter came into the family and was called Ruth in honor of Mrs. Watrous, and in March, 1878, the family was further increased by the arrival of twin boys who were respectively named Charles Willson and Edward Larrabee. The baby Charles lived but a few months.

Charley Adams had for some time before this conducted his branch of the lumber business in a yard located in Mott Haven at 138th Street and the Harlem River, and to this part of the city, even more recently annexed than Yorkville, he now moved his family. Mott

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Haven consisted mainly of fields and vacant lots, nevertheless it was in one of a "block" of brown stone front houses, newly built by an enterprising real estate speculator named Hunt, that the Adams family was now installed and it was here in March, 1880, that another little girl was born. She was named Maria at the request of Mrs. Lodice Adams, for a sister-in-law whom she very much loved. Charley had wished to call the baby Lodice, for his mother, but yielded to her wishes in the matter. Helen demurred at having a Mary and a Maria in the same family, but she bethought her that she had known sisters in Cleveland who were Mary and Maria and yielded to persuasion. The girls were later called Polly and May, for the similarity of names caused confusion when both attended the same school, and Mary assumed the name by which her great-grandmother, Polly Hill, had been called.

In their Mott Haven home the Adams family were especially fortunate in their neighbors. On one side lived Mr. Burch, the young minister of a small new Presbyterian church which

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stood almost out in the fields, so sparsely built was the neighborhood where it was located. Mrs. Burch was a delightful young southern lady, and her husband throughout the week a genial and kindly young gentleman and a happy playfellow for his small neighbors. On Sundays, however, he became rigidly Puritanical and with shouts and resounding blows on his pulpit proclaimed the most ultra-Calvinistic doctrines. Now anything that savored of religious bigotry was anathema to Charley Adams so it is not strange that he and Mr. Burch never became close friends, indeed it speaks volumes for the natural geniality of both young men that they remained on the most cordial terms as neighbors — and the little Adamses attended, when it so pleased them, the Sunday school connected with Mr. Burch's church.

No such difference of religious sentiment, however, separated the Adams family from their neighbors on the other side of the house. Here lived George B. Ashley, a young lawyer with his very charming wife. The Ashleys

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dearly loved children, and having none of their own, took into their hearts, and on all possible occasions into their home, the whole tribe of little Adamses, but particularly the baby Maria. Mr. Ashley was a wonderful playfellow, and seemed never so happy as when romping with his small neighbors. A very warm friendship grew up between the two young men, and deepened with advancing years. In later life Charley Adams often said: "No finer man ever lived than George B. Ashley."

On Sunday afternoon Emily, Mary, and Ruth were usually tricked out in their best little white dresses and broad sashes of colored ribbon, and taken visiting among their relatives, for their father was extremely proud of his little girls. "Aunt Ruth's" was the usual destination, for here whatever aunts and cousins were in New York were sure to be found. Emily was a friendly little lady, punctilious in her deportment, and from babyhood an unmitigated little flirt. She exercised her fascinations on the Watrous and Thomas boys to their high delight. They pretended to be rivals for her fa-

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vor, simulated violent jealousy of each other, and fought mock battles in her honor. Mary was painfully bashful — all her devotion went to one cousin, Harry Watrous, with whom somehow she always felt at ease. She had not big dark eyes and blonde ringlets like her sister, but a freckled little snub nose and thick straight reddish brown hair which her mother wisely kept shingled boy-fashion. She had one accomplishment which gave great pleasure to her father. Her retentive memory held verbatim verses that caught her fancy, and she recited these with fervor and enthusiasm whenever called upon.

Sometimes instead of going down town to Aunt Ruth's home at Fortieth Street and Lexington Avenue, the grey mare "Bess" which was kept at the lumber yard for Mr. Adams's personal use, was harnessed to a buggy, hassocks were put on the floor for Emily and Mary and with Ruth on her mother's lap the family took the long drive out to Mount Vernon to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Willson. For "Uncle Charles" had married

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sometime before his nephew and had built a home in Mount Vernon, then a rather remote suburb.

On one or two occasions her father took little Emily with him on short business trips to Albany, and left her in the care of his aunt, Mrs. Larrabee, and once, when she was three or four years old, he took Mary, in whose memory the trip remains highly colored but somewhat confused. At "Aunt Mate's" house there was a Cousin Minnie who played the piano, a very beautiful Cousin Susie, who was utterly adored, and a Cousin Ruth, who wasn't quite old enough to be a real young lady, and who teased one a good deal, and over at "Aunt Sue's" house there was a wonderful garden with Bleeding Hearts and Lady Slippers, and some more cousins—Charles, Will, and Alice Thomas.

Every summer Emily and Mary went to spend a week or two with their grandmother Adams at Glens Falls, before they, with their grandmother and Cousin Lodice, joined their mother and the other children for a couple of weeks at Lake George. Grandmother's home

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was a wonderful place to all her grandchildren. There was a garden with a leaning apple tree that any child could climb, a little room with a window set askew and a closet full of St. Nicholas magazines beginning with the first number. These belonged to Cousin Lodice, a pretty, lively, and attractive girl in her teens. Other than the St. Nicholas there were no children's books at grandmother's, and none were needed, for "Grandma Adams" could keep her small auditors spellbound with readings from Shakespeare, Dickens, Longfellow, Tennyson, and Whittier. But the tales they loved best were the "true stories" she told them, the tales of her forbears which have here been retold in a previous chapter.

A tally-ho four-in-hand coach passed Mrs. Adams's house every day en route from Fort Edward to Lake George, and was eagerly watched for by visiting children, and besides this diversion there were visits from innumerable cousins. Mrs. Lodice Adams had over one hundred first cousins, for families were large in her day and generation, and John Willson's

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family of only nine children had been considered a rather small household. "Charley's girls" had always to be presented to visitors, which was a joy to Emily and a grievous ordeal to Mary, but her compensation came when Cousin Lodice would hire a horse and carriage and take her grandmother and little cousins on return visits about the countryside. Sometime they bumped over a "corduroy" toll road, where the road-bed was made of logs laid side by side across the roadway, and where at intervals there were toll gates, where lame or one-armed men, probably civil war veterans, came out to collect toll.

A few years after the marriage of Charley Adams his brother Allen had married Sarah Roberts, a Glens Falls girl, and then Charley Thomas had married, so not long after the arrival of Ruth, babies became rather frequent in the family at large, and Helen's, ceasing to be the only ones, lost some of their general importance. In the Mott Haven home, however, they were quite unconscious of their partial eclipse. Emily's social proclivities continued to

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be pronounced. When she was about six years old she asked her mother if she could have a "tea party." It was quite usual for the children to have one or two playmates with them for their five o'clock supper, often eaten under a peach tree in the "back yard" and Helen, supposing the party to be of this kind, gave a thoughtless consent and forgot about it. A few days later she was making preserves and was in the kitchen deeply engrossed in getting a boiling fluid safely into glass jars, when Emily's party began to arrive. The house seemed besieged by children, all in their best clothes and all carrying flowers or gifts. Emily had invited the entire neighborhood to her "party," which had assumed such importance that the children took it for granted that it was a birthday celebration. Poor Helen, hot and tired, tried to get together some semblance of the expected feast, with results evidently disappointing to her guests, however, for notes and calls followed from distressed parents who realized that some mistake had been made.

A little later Emily attained an unexpected

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summit of social ambition. Her father brought home to the midday meal a policeman in full uniform, an event of which, she afterward said, she boasted egregiously amongst her deeply impressed acquaintances. It happened in this wise. The captain of a river craft had moored his vessel at the Willson and Adams wharf and had refused to make way for another vessel. Charley Adams had been sent for, had ordered him to move his boat, and the man had become so insulting that Charley had struck him in the face with clenched fist. The blow was so sudden, and its force so unexpected from one of such small stature, that the big burly captain had been felled, and rose to his feet considerably battered. He had had Mr. Adams arrested for assault and Mr. Adams had genially invited his custodian home to dinner. Possibly his wife felt less honored than his daughter by the presence of their guest, but nothing could disturb her equanimity. Indeed Helen's sanguine confidence that all would be well, and her calm intrepidity were always a source of wonder to her friends and relatives, and, later, to

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her children, who never saw their mother show fear on any occasion. This particular incident closed with the dismissal of the case in court by a judge who, after being assured by several witnesses that Mr. Adams had held no weapon of any kind when he had struck, glanced at the two men, and then told the captain that he looked big enough to take care of himself.

Mary Helen, the second little girl, remained distinctly unsocial: all waking hours not spent in reading or eating were to her so much lost time. No one ever knew how or when she had learned to read: at the age of four she had begun to read everything she could lay hands on, and she ate all that came her way with equal avidity. Her greatest pleasure was to extend her very rotund person on the floor, and with a book and a plate of food, indulge both appetites at the same time.

Ruth was the prettiest of the children: so beautiful that strangers stopped on the street to ask whose child she was. She was a quiet little girl, with big hazel eyes, a pink and white skin, and long auburn curls. Her great passion

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was for flowers and her greatest happiness to be permitted to pluck them.

Eddie grew into a gentle but rather sickly little boy. While he was still a baby Mrs. Watrous had sent a capable young Irish girl to assist Helen in the care of the children, and this Agnes, who loved all children, lavished her most devoted care on Baby Eddie and shared his early affection with a series of rag dolls each in succession named Peggy from the ballad of the "Low Back Car" — one of the many old songs Agnes sung to the children. Aggely and the Peggies were equally in his own eyes Eddie's personal property and were so regarded by the other children. Only a very few years later Eddie and all his belongings were appropriated by the new baby, Maria — but this was after the departure of Agnes.

Now the school question arose in the Mott Haven home. Mott Haven schools were not well thought of, but Harlem just across the river, had good schools. Harlem in the seventies had not yet quite lost the character of a rather aristocratic suburb of New York City,

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having its own social life, its own institutions and its own old families, some of whom claimed descent from the original Dutch settlers. Helen's first educational experiment, therefore, was to send Emily and Mary in the care of an older girl to school in Harlem, but the long walk proved too tiring for the little girls, and they were then sent to the Mott Haven public schools. Here they acquired and transmitted to the younger children measles, mumps, whooping cough, and the other usual children's diseases in such rapid succession that school was temporarily discontinued and Helen bethought herself of nursery governesses. A series of French women all proved temperamentally unfit for the care of so many small Americans, and Mrs. Watrous suggested an educated Irish woman who had come to her as a seamstress and whom she had sometimes had occasion to help. Unfortunately this woman proved to be, not temperamentally, but mentally unbalanced and it was not until the advent of Miss Rupf, a German lady who had been educated in a Swiss convent, that a satisfactory governess was found.

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In the meantime the family had moved from the Hunt house to a place across the street which occupied the entire block on Willis Avenue between 135th Street and 136th Street. Here there was a large house and grounds beautifully laid out in gardens. This was an Eden for the children but it was here that the greatest sorrow they had known visited the family. The two youngest children contracted scarlet fever, and just as they were recovering Mary and Ruth developed diphtheria. Little Ruth never recovered. It was when this little girl died that Mr. Burch gave a proof never forgotten by Charley Adams that, as he often afterwards said, men are sometimes far better than their creeds. Mr. Burch set aside his Calvinistic views on Infant Baptism, and the Damnation of the Unregenerate, to bring into the home ravaged by contagious disease only words of love and kindly Christian sympathy.

In 1883 an opportunity occurred for the purchase of a country place in Mount Vernon, New York, where Charles Willson had now been living for several years, and the sad-

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hearted parents were glad to leave the house which had been the scene of such sorrow, and take their four children out into the country.

Mr. Charles Linsley, a business friend, came to Charley Adams with a proposition which would place in the latter's hands a country home on Chester Hill, a new real estate development not yet incorporated into the growing village of Mt. Vernon, and separated from that village by vacant fields and cow pastures. The place in question contained about half an acre of ground fronting on Summit Avenue, and running back in terraces to Fulton. The house, a three-story structure of brick with a mansard roof and cupola, in a style that had recently been very popular, had been newly built by a Mr. Studley, hoping to make it an all-year-round home, but his invalid wife was unhappy so far from town, and Mr. Studley was willing to make a large financial sacrifice in order to exchange the place for a town house owned by Mr. Linsley — who being a bachelor and having no use for a country house, bethought him of the family of his friend, and the possibility

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of a deal, so Charley and Helen Adams drove out to look at the place. They found it in charge of a surly caretaker and a large dog, neither of whom were at all inclined toward friendly relations. The caretaker grudgingly showed them about — and with the place itself they were charmed, so that, on the way back, Charley remarked to his wife that he thought he would buy it, if only to “fire that damned caretaker and get rid of that brute of a dog.” He did buy the place, but when Mr. Studley asked as a special favor that his trustworthy caretaker should be retained as coachman and that the dog, which was his children’s pet and could not be taken to town, be permitted to remain in its old home, Mr. Adams relented, and James Odell and the Newfoundland Jack became fixtures at 138 Summit Avenue. The price which Mr. Adams paid for this place was \$13,000, and the house had cost Mr. Studley over \$22,000 to build, a large sum to put into a country house in the seventies.

The family which moved from Mott Haven to the house which was to become the Adams

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home for more than thirty years consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Adams, four children, a nursery governess and two maids.

Emily Adams was at this time a brilliant but delicate girl of twelve, very much a young lady for her years. At the age of ten she had had a long and serious illness, which had sapped her strength and resulted in nervous complications so that for years she was unable to join in the activities of the other children, and had been thrown much with older people. She read much and wrote clever verses, but her great diversion was riding and driving. She had always loved dogs and horses and had begun to drive Old Bess when seven years old. In her early teens she was an expert horsewoman, so that when it was dubious whether a saddle horse was "safe for a lady" Emily Adams was invited to try it—an invitation she never refused.

Mary, ten years old, was fat and freckled, with her two chief interests in life, reading and eating, unabated, but with a growing fondness for the companionship of her father.

Eddie, aged five, was mild and gentle, and

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completely subject to his small sister May, who clung to babyhood with a keen appreciation of its privileges. When she felt that she was not being treated with sufficient regard she might be heard gently murmuring in tones that would melt a heart of stone, "I'm on'y a poo itty baby, 'at tan't 'peak p'ain."

Miss Cecil, the beloved governess, spoke French fluently and taught it to the children with a strong German accent of which she and her employers were alike unconscious, until the older girls began to study French at school, and amazed their teachers with their decidedly German pronunciation. Miss Rupf was anxious to improve her English and to increase her vocabulary, so she experimented with the anglicisation of French and German words. One day she was giving Mrs. Adams a shampoo, and when asked to rub harder promptly remarked, "Mrs. Adams is not sensible in her head." Mrs. Adams's explanation of variations in the English idiom evidently caught the attention of the future philologist, for one day Miss Cecil asked Mrs. Adams if "w-i-s-h" was

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ever pronounced "woosh" — she had corrected Eddie for this mispronunciation, and he had gravely replied: "But sometimes we say woosh."

As Helen's babies had all passed infancy at the time of the move to Mount Vernon, this chronicle would end here had not Helen had an afterthought in the matter of babies. It was holiday time in the year 1886 and Christmas festivities were in full swing. Mrs. Adams had been interested in having a good dancing school in Mount Vernon and had persuaded George W. Wallace, whose Harlem school the older children had attended, to open Mt. Vernon classes. To advertise evening classes it was decided to give a holiday reception on December 29. Anxious to have this affair well attended Mr. and Mrs. Adams had invited some young friends from town out for the occasion, and Miss Alice Thomas, Mr. J. S. Carvalho and Mr. Charles Linsley were house guests. Early in the morning of December 30 there was an arrival in the household which had not been expected until some time after the beginning

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of the new year, and the guests "silently stole away."

This was the first appearance of "His Nibs," last but not least of Helen's babies, a splendid boy far stronger and lustier than any of the other children had been. For weeks he had no other title than "His Nibs," but when this degenerated into "Nibsie" it was felt that a name must be chosen, and by the united wishes of the entire family it was decided that he should be Charles Langdon Adams, Jr. The objection which had caused the hesitation had been that the twin baby who had died had been named Charles.

Charles Langdon, Jr. developed with great rapidity — as though conscious that he must "catch up." At nine months old he walked, and a very few months later he talked. Whatever he did was done with vim and energy. Sweet and winning or violently wroth by turns he went from smiles to roars with hardly a gradation between. Some time during his second year he acquired a pet cat which he mauled continually and which nevertheless fol-

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lowed him about like a dog. His first taste of meat was a piece of sausage which he snatched from the cat and swallowed before his horrified mother could dislodge either baby or cat from under the bed where the latter had hoped to find refuge. After the cat came a succession of stray dogs, then turtles in a tank, and finally a large family of white rats supposed to be caged, but frequently carried in pockets, for closer companionship, to the discomfiture of the family and especially of casual guests, as the rats rarely cared to remain pocketed. An enterprising little rodent transferred himself unperceived to the overcoat of a playmate of Charles Langdon, Jr. and thence to that of the boy's father, who on his way to town next day heard a slight scream from a lady behind him on the train, and turning to ascertain the cause was embarrassed to find a white rat peering over his shoulder.

By this time the Chester Hill home had become a lively place. A billiard table had early been installed on the third floor, and as the children grew older a specially constructed

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dancing floor was laid in the big parlor occupying the whole north side of the house on the first floor. Later part of the garden was made into a tennis court. Emily, who loved entertaining, kept the house so full of young people that even unsocial Mary was drawn into the merrymaking. Ed and May, the inseparables, had found congenial companions in the four Durham boys, who lived on Fulton Avenue next door to the Adams place, and the little girl went about carefully guarded by her five cavaliers. Ed was always a book lover, and rather quiet and retiring, but May shared all the social propensities of her father and eldest sister and added a few of her own. The house fairly overflowed with her small cronies, who not only possessed themselves of rooms, halls, verandas and gardens but were often discovered protruding from pantries and closets.

But while all these events were taking place, the last of "Helen's babies" was growing to manhood, and the first married, and soon had babies of her own.

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CHARLES L. ADAMS had always been a lover of outdoor life. An ardent fisherman, he went on frequent short fishing trips, and his daughter Mary was often his companion since his wife disliked leaving the younger children, and Emily's ill health kept her at home. Mary's first fishing trip with her father would have discouraged a less indulgent parent. They went for a week-end to Bay Shore and took a small catboat out in a good stiff breeze to troll for bluefish. Mary's deficiencies as a sailor became uncompromisingly evident. Three years later, however, at the age of thirteen, she again went on a fishing expedition with her father — but in less troubled waters. This time it was through the chain of Adirondack lakes from Blue Mountain to Paul Smith's on Saranac. On the way home an overnight stop had to be made at Fort Edward in order to pass a day with Mrs. Lodice Adams at Glens Falls. The train was hours late, and the Fort Edward junction was not reached until after one A.M.

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Here the only sign of life was a shabby and somewhat disreputable looking man with a lantern, slouching about the station, who in reply to Mr. Adams's inquiry for a hotel said, "Ye kin come to my place," and led the wayfarers a few yards down the track to a dingy ramshackle structure. Charley Adams did not sleep that night. He afterwards said he fully expected to be robbed before morning and did not mean to be caught napping. No untoward incident occurred, however, and in the morning after an excellent breakfast he and his daughter proceeded to Glens Falls.

In January, 1893, Mr. Adams took his two eldest daughters to California. It was his first long vacation since he entered the lumber business in 1863. They traveled with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Willson, and Mr. and Mrs. Byron Weston of Dalton, Massachusetts. The trip at first proved unpleasantly eventful. The train left New York in a blizzard, which delayed it at starting and more so as it proceeded. At Atlanta, Georgia, no snow ploughs being available, the engine had to be shoveled out of snow

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banks by gangs of men. Telegraph poles went down along the railroad line, food gave out in the dining car, and meals had to be snatched at way stations when and wherever possible. Arriving at New Orleans twenty-one hours late they found the city in jubilee over about two inches of snow which had fallen there — a rare occurrence. The trip from New Orleans to Los Angeles over the Southern Pacific route took about a week, and was enlivened by dashes out for meals at eating stations, the alternative being meals served from the "buffet car," where the choice of hot dishes remained permanently baked beans and chicken a la marengo. At El Paso, Texas, there was a wait of an hour, and passengers were permitted to drive over into Mexico at Juarez. Mr. and Mrs. Weston elected to remain in the states, but the Willson-Adams contingent visited a Chinese restaurant across the border and indulged in a really good meal. On their return they found that they must declare their Mexican purchases. Time had not been allowed for custom house red tape but the only purchases which they were osten-

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sibly carrying were two pies, and Mr. Willson, always resourceful, and always courteous with an old school grace and charm, waved the pies one in each hand at the amused officials, and the party was permitted to pass.

To Emily Adams this trip proved of more moment than to the others, for she first saw the Ojai Valley, where she subsequently made her home, and when returning east at Salt Lake City met Philip Schuyler Van Patten, whom she married a few years later.

After this Mr. Adams made frequent trips, always accompanied by his wife or one of his girls. Mary went whenever her father's health demanded special care, for, with her mother never very strong, her eldest sister much an invalid, and little folk to be cared for, she had acquired some ability as a nurse. It was on these trips that Mary's affection for her father grew into an appreciation, which while it did not ripen into comprehension until her own riper years, became her greatest inspiration. Mr. Adams was a delightful travelling companion, genial, friendly, and entertaining; he

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gathered about him the more interesting of his fellow voyagers and easily became the center of any group of which he was a member. It seemed to his daughter that what her father said was so much wiser, deeper and broader than what she heard from others that he became her oracle, and she has remembered much more than she, at the time, understood.

One remark which Mr. Adams made on many occasions always met great opposition: "Some day we shall fight Germany." There was a time between the Civil War and the World War when, in this country at least, it was popular to say, and perhaps to think, that civilization had progressed so far that war on any large scale would be henceforth impossible. All who prided themselves on being intellectual, philanthropic or merely "up to date," in fact all who thought themselves, or wished to be thought, abreast of the times accepted the view that war belonged to the past and that to think otherwise was archaic, and when Mr. Adams contradicted this opinion he was more or less politely told that his ideas were obsolete. Then he would answer

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with a peculiar little sarcastic smile: "We will fight that German fellow yet," that "German fellow" being the young Kaiser Wilhelm II. Another topic on which the views of Mr. Adams have proved somewhat prophetic is the subject of prohibition. Often he said that he believed it would be a good thing, on the whole, if the use of liquor could be completely abolished, but that he thought no law to that effect could be enforced. He believed that a very high license for its sale would be the most practical means of regulating the use of liquor.

Some ideas of her father's which she often heard him express his daughter recalls nearly in his own words.

"A man should never be judged by one act alone; we all at times rise to heights or sink to depths which surprise ourselves; any one act may be abnormal."

"A man's most precious possession is his reputation: it is the easiest to lose, and the hardest to regain."

"The most foolish man in the world is he who makes an enemy when he might have made a

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friend: the next most foolish, he who neglects to make a friend when he might do so."

"It is an insult to keep a person waiting: it is tantamount to telling him that you consider his time of less value than yours."

Mr. Adams felt that the greatest harm in a malicious falsehood was usually done not by the original perpetrator but by its repetition. He had very little resentment, he said, against a person who spoke evil of him behind his back — if it was calumny it would be found to be such and could do him little harm — but it was hard to forgive the person who hurt him by repeating to him the evil that had been spoken. He had a theory that every human being in the world owed it to the world to make his being here of value. This debt to the world might, he thought, be all paid in one supreme act, or in a life of general usefulness, but a man should see to it that this debt was paid.

Charles L. Adams surely paid his debt to the world many times over. His was an inspiring personality. Always quick to see the best possibilities of those with whom he came in con-

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tact, he demanded that best, showing a shade of disappointment but ready pardon for any failure, and prompt and unstinted appreciation of "each stroke aright." People liked to work for him and in his service unconsciously met his demand for their highest capabilities, and no effort ever passed unnoticed or unrewarded. Perhaps the reward most appreciated was his confidence which he gave implicitly where he felt it was merited. Confidence was something that Charles L. Adams highly valued. Often he told with deep appreciation that when the firm of Watrous and Willson changed to Willson and Adams, Mr. Watrous then retiring from business had lent to the new firm, with no security save his faith in their ability and honor, more money than the united assets of the new partners could have at the time repaid: and often indeed have others said in the same tones of deep appreciation, "Mr. Adams trusted me."

When Charles L. Adams in his turn retired from business, a dinner was given in his honor by Mr. Robert Sizer, a business friend who

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took this occasion for telling that when he had started business in New York with a young cousin, Mr. Adams had given them their first large order. "His confidence reinforced our own confidence in ourselves," said Mr. Sizer, "it was the beginning of success."

Mr. LeRoy Mills once told that when, in his later years, Mr. Adams went on long trips he used to leave a power of attorney in the hands of Mr. Mills, then a very young lawyer. The responsibility was great, for the sums involved in business transactions were considerable, but though Mr. Mills dreaded this trust and always drew a sigh of relief when Mr. Adams returned, he could not decline such an evidence of confidence, and "I worked for Mr. Adams as I worked for no one else," he said. "Don't you think," Mr. Mills was asked, "that Mr. Adams was wise in trusting implicitly where he trusted at all, isn't such confidence always an inspiration?" "It was wise for Mr. Adams," Mr. Mills replied, with delightful unconsciousness of the compliment he was paying himself, "because Mr. Adams was a judge of men."

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Mr. Arnaldo Barbaressi, the last of the many warm friends that Charles L. Adams made through his business relations, has often said with deep emotion, "Mr. Adams never questioned my word," nor did he ever fail, during his last years in America, to go early in the morning of each Memorial Day to lay flowers on Mr. Adams's grave.

It was after his retirement from active business life that Charles L. Adams became interested in the development of a tract of land on the east side of the city of Mount Vernon, which he had sometime before bought in partnership with Joseph S. Wood, a Mount Vernon attorney. Mr. Adams had this land divided into separate holdings, and interested Mr. Barbaressi, with whom he had had previous business relations in laying it out into building lots and erecting dwellings. Mr. Barbaressi acted as engineer, contractor, architect, and builder and under his supervision the entire property was laid out and about eighty houses built — usually about twelve at a time. The place was called Langdon Terrace, and became an ab-

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sorbing interest to Mr. Adams, his chief hobby. It was through this enterprise that Mr. Adams and Mr. Barbaressi formed a deep mutual regard.

An estimate of the character of Charles L. Adams as known to his business associates is given in the *Lumber Trade Journal* of June 1, 1911.

“Charles Langdon Adams was a man of forceful character, the highest personal integrity and a big-heartedness that both made and kept warm personal friendships in all walks of life to the very last. No one who once really knew Charles Langdon Adams could ever forget him. He was successful in business, but never at the expense of friends or honor, and his business activities were at all times conducted upon a plane as broad and liberal as it was forceful. His greatest asset, he always considered, was his reputation and honor as a man, and many times have his friends heard him caution that those attributes were the hardest to gain and the easiest to lose and once gone could not be retrieved. And while Mr. Adams had marked

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ability as a lumber man, his success was bound up largely in the personal activities referred to. No one could conceive of Charles Langdon Adams failing. His very nature made it impossible and from a lowly start in life he arose with his associates in business to a conspicuous position in the great metropolitan district lumber trade, to the honor and advancement of which the house of Willson Adams and Company played an important part."

In his latter years, Mr. Adams spent every winter in travel. It was when on a trip to the West Indies, accompanied by his daughter Maria, that he met an old lady who complained of the hot weather which she did not like, she said, because she came from the northern part of New York state, where winter weather was cold. "But," said Mr. Adams, "I, too, come from northern New York, and I am glad to get away from cold winters." "I come," said the old lady, "from Washington County." "So do I," replied Mr. Adams. "Well," said the old lady, "I come from a little bit of a place you've never even heard of, I come from Hampton."

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"That was my birthplace," said Mr. Adams. When the old lady found she was talking to "Charley," the son of Chauncey Adams, she was delighted. She remembered Chauncey Adams as a boy, and as the gay young gentleman who had married Lodice Willson and become the father of four children, of whom he was very proud — especially so of Charley, because of the alertness and activity of the little chap. She told Charley Adams of the attractive, genial young man "Chaunce Adams" had been and this gave his son the greatest pleasure. His father was hardly even a memory, and to have him presented as a vivid and charming personality by one who so pleasantly recalled him was deeply touching to his son. Moreover, pride in his children was a close bond of sympathy with that young father who had been lost so many years before.

It was during a winter in the Ojai valley in California where his eldest daughter, Emily Adams Van Patten, had made her home that Charles L. Adams was stricken with the illness which cost his life. He returned to the East,

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Dr. Van Patten, his son-in-law, accompanying him, and for a time it was thought that he might recover, but the end came swiftly.

Mr. Adams had never attended any church. He was of the avowed "free thinkers" or "agnostics" of his time. In his youth he had seen the religious intolerance of a small community, and the assumed superiority of the "pious," and his strongest feeling on the subject of religion came to be intolerance of all intolerance and an abiding mistrust of anything that savored of sanctimony. To his democratic nature any assumption of superiority on any grounds whatever was distasteful, but more so in matters of religion than any other. Religious theories and tenets held little interest for him. As a young man he had given the subject much thought and dismissed it as for him, at least, unprofitable. His conclusion, on which he was content to rest his case was somewhat as follows. Creation presupposed a Creator, but since no finite mind could apprehend the Infinite, that Creator must forever remain a mystery and "One man's guess was as good as

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another's." "There may have been, there may still be, Revelations," he sometimes said, "but I have never experienced one, and a second-hand revelation is mere hearsay."

That he sought for some revelation of an after life in the Spiritualism of his day is probable, for he had talked with mediums and visited seances at the instigation of friends, only to find that for him there was always evidence of fraud on the part of the mediums, or greater credulity on the part of his friends than was possible to himself.

There is no reason to think that any direct revelation ever came to Charles Langdon Adams. He left this life with that tremendous courage with which he had faced all its problems and uncertainties.

On the eighteenth of May, 1911, there fared forth into the Unknown, a great brave soul, who had revealed God's Truth to others while seeking it himself.

"And His Truth Endureth
from Generation to Generation."

married Nov. 1, 1870

Lodice Willson { John Ward Willson

{	John Ward Willson	{	Thomas Hill
	Mary (Polly) Hill		Susanna Cook

Helen Mary Tyler born June 19, 1842
died March 28, 1926

{ Benjamin Farley Tyler	{ Frederick Tyler	{ Thomas Hill
	{ Elizabeth (Betsy) Hill	

Sarah Bennett.....	{ Nathaniel Bennett
	{ Sarah Cabel

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

THE WILLSONS

1. Henry Willson settled in Dedham, Mass., about 1639 and was made a freeman in 1641. He married November 24, 1642, Mary, daughter of Michael Metcalf. Children: Michael, b. 1644; Mary, b. 1652; Sarah, b. 1654; and Ephraim, b. 1656.
2. Michael Willson, born August 7, 1644, married Mary. Children: Sarah, b. 1676; Mary, b. 1678; Michael, b. 1682; Silence, b. 1684; Noah, b. 1686; and Henry, b. 1690.
3. Michael Willson Jr., born February 6, 1682, married June 17, 1707, Sarah Bumpass of Taunton.
4. Uriah Willson, born November 14, 1712, married in 1738 Mary Guild. In 1737 and in 1761 he acquired land situated in Wrentham. Children: Sarah, b. 1739; Betsy, b. 1741; Joseph, b. 1745; Deborah; Daniel, b. 1748; Jerusha, b. 1751.
5. Guile Willson appears with rank of private on muster and payroll of Capt. Joseph Hooker's Company, Col. Ruggles Woodbridge's regiment. Time of enlistment August 15, 1777. Time of discharge November 30, 1777. Roll dated at Greenwich, Mass. He married Ruth Ward of Belchertown in June, 1780. About 1782 he removed from Belchertown to Hebron, N. Y. where in 1795 he was chosen "pathmaster" and served for several years as town officer. He died May 1, 1829, aged 71. Children: Lodice, Susan, Electa, Sally, Guile; and John, b. 1792.
6. John Ward Willson, b. November 12, 1792, married Mary Hill.

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THE METCALFS

1. Michael Metcalf, born at Gatterford, was a weaver at Norwich. Removing to Dedham, Mass., he kept the town school in 1656 and died December 27, 1664. He married first, October 16, 1616, Sarah ———, who died February 21, 1645, and second, August 13, 1645, Martha Rigg. Children: Michael, b. 1617; Mary, b. 1618; Michael, b. 1620; John, Sarah, Elizabeth, Martha, Thomas, Ann, Jaine, and Rebecca.
2. Mary Metcalf, born October 14, 1618, married in 1642 Henry Willson.

THE BUMPASSES

1. Edward Bumpass came to Plymouth, Mass., in 1621, but removed to Marshfield and died February 12, 1693. He married Hannah ———. Children: Faith, b. 1631; Sarah, John, Edward, Joseph, Jacob, and Hannah.
2. John Bumpass, born in 1636, removed to Rochester. Children: Mary, b. 1671; John, b. 1673; Samuel, b. 1676; James, b. 1678; Sarah, b. 1685; Edward, b. 1688; and Jeremiah, b. 1692.
3. Sarah Bumpass, born in 1685, married probably, Michael Willson.

THE GUILDS

1. John Guild, born about 1616, came in 1636 to Dedham, where he died October 4, 1682. He married June 24, 1645, Elizabeth Crooke of Roxbury, who died August 31, 1669. Children: Samuel, John, and Elizabeth.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

2. Deacon John Guild, born November 29, 1649, died January 24, 1723. He married May 22, 1677, Sarah Fisher. Children: Sarah, Elizabeth, Joanna, John, and Josiah.
3. Josiah Guild, born July 14, 1694, removed in 1761 to Keene, N. H., where he died March 20, 1774. He married Deborah, who died July 20, 1762, aged 62. Children: Mary, b. April 10, 1716; Deborah, Josiah, Richard, Bethiah, James, David, Margaret, and Dan.

THE FISHERS

1. Anthony Fisher, born at Syleham, near Eye in Suffolk, settled about 1637 in Dedham, Mass., where he died February 13, 1670. He married first, September 7, 1647, Joanna, daughter of Thomas Faxon, and second, Gabel, widow of Edward Breck. Children: Mehitabel, b. 1648; Josiah, b. 1654; Sarah, b. 1658; Elizabeth, b. 1669.
2. Sarah Fisher, born October 27, 1658, married Deacon John Guild.

THE HILLS

1. Jonathan Hill settled in Warwick, R. I., about 1661. Children: Robert, m. Mary Pearce; Jonathan, and Henry of Kingstown.
2. Jonathan Hill, born in 1657, lived at Portsmouth, R. I., and died September 5, 1731. Children: Jonathan, Caleb, Mary, who m. Goac Lawton in 1705; Patience, m. Daniel Pearce; Rebecca, m. John Allen; Thomas, b. 1692; Ebenezer, and Sarah.

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Inventory of Jonathan Hill's estate: £791, 3s. 6d. Wearing apparel, buckles and buttons, £30, 5s. Negro Jane £50; Boy Cuffee £60, Dinah £50; Experience £35; Nine Years time of negro Prince £40.

Spinning wheels, worsted comb, small wheel, 3 pairs of wool cards, 6 cows, 2 steers, bull, 220 sheep. — Money due from Thos. Hill £40. Receipts given by Daniel Pearce, — who married Patience Hill in 1708. Thomas Hill, John Allen, who married Rebecca Hill, — Mary Lawton, wife of Isaac Lawton, Ebenezer Hill and Sarah Hill.

3. Jonathan Hill 3d, married October 23, 1707, Elizabeth Hail and died at Swansea February 9, 1737. Children: Barnard, b. August 11, 1708; Martha, b. February 12, 1710; Thomas, b. July 29, 1712; Mary, b. May 13, 1715; Nathaniel, b. December 16, 1716; Elizabeth, b. January 30, 1719; Jonathan, b. October 5, 1720; Rebecca, b. July 29, 1723; Caleb, b. June 25, 1728.

Note 1. Jonathan's brother Caleb's will, made December 22, 1748, mentions his wife Ruth and brothers Thomas and Ebenezer; sisters Mary Langworthy, Patience Pearce, Sarah Mills, and Rebecca Allen; brother Jonathan deceased and sons of the latter — Barnard, Jonathan, and Nathaniel.

Note 2. Mary Hill married Thomas Tillinghast of North Kingstown, R. I., May 27, 1762 and had a son "Alin," born in 1768.

Note 3. "A Thomas Hill resided in Scituate in 1774 with 6 in his family inclusive: — 1 male over and 1 male under 16 and 4 females over 16" Evidently older children were already married, Benjamin in 1769, John in 1772, and Anna in 1777.

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4. Thomas Hill, born July 29, 1712, married first, probably Rebecca Cole Allen and second, Alice. His four oldest children were born at North Kingstown, the rest at Scituate. Children of Thomas and Alice: Jonathan, b. September 1, 1744; Benjamin, b. March 29, 1746; Thomas, b. December 29, 1747; John, b. March 2, 1749; Elizabeth, b. March 14, 1751; Rebecca, b. July 11, 1754; Anne, b. July 27, 1756; Henry, b. February 1, 1759.
5. Thomas Hill, born December 29, 1747, removed to Watertown, N. Y., where he died in January, 1834, aged 88. He married Susanna Cook.
6. Mary Hill, born March 6, 1791, married John Ward Willson.

THE COOKS

1. Walter Cook settled in Weymouth, Mass., about 1643. He was made a freeman in 1653. His wife Catharine died January 2, 1695. Children: Ebenezer, b. 1656; Walter, b. 1657; and Nicholas, b. 1660.
2. Nicholas Cook, born February 9, 1660, removed to Mendon where he was chosen constable in 1691. In 1719 Nicholas Cook, Nicholas Cook Jr. and Seth Cook signed a petition to incorporate Bellingham. Nicholas Cook died in Bellingham, December 7, 1730. He married November 4, 1684, Johanna Rockwood. Children: Nicholas, b. 1687; Josiah, Daniel, David, Noah, Seth.
3. Deacon Nicholas Cook of Mendon married first, December 18, 1712, Mehitabel Staples and second, about 1715 Elizabeth Staples of Bellingham. He

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died April 26, 1779, aged 92. Children: ———, b. November 16, 1716; Nathaniel, b. September 15, 1718; Peter, b. August 26, 1720. Nathaniel married January 27, 1742, Martha Ballon.

4. Peter Cook, born August 26, 1720, resided at Bellingham, Mendon, and Providence, R. I. He married first in Smithfield, R. I., September 24, 1741, Elizabeth Bates who died a year or two later leaving one child; and second, Mercy ———, who was born November 4, 1728 and died February 20, 1789. Children: William, b. February 4, 1742; Joshua, b. June 17, 1744; Stephen, b. July 12, 1746; Charles, b. September 27, 1747, m. Anna Greene; Rhoda, b. September 17, 1749; Elizabeth, b. July 25, 1751; Christopher, b. April 1, 1753, m. Rebecca Hill; Susanna, b. November 14, 1754, m. Thomas Hill; Comfort, b. August 22, 1756; Constant, b. August 11, 1758; Joanna, b. May 20, 1760; John, b. February 25, 1762; Hope, b. March 12, 1764; Mercy, b. March 6, 1766; Peter, b. March 16, 1768, m. Lois Sherman; Nicholas, b. July 31, 1770; Abigail, b. June 18, 1772; Moses, b. March 31, 1775; Aaron, b. March 31, 1775.
5. Susanna Cook married Thomas Hill.

THE ROCKITS

1. Richard Rockit, or Rockwood, settled in Dorchester about 1635, but removed to Braintree. He married Agnes, a daughter possibly of Zachary Bicknell, who died July 9, 1643. Child: John, b. December 1, 1641.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

2. John Rockit of Menden during King Philip's War suffered much from Indians. A record says that he had a wife and six children to support. Children: John, b. 1663, killed by Indians in 1675; Joseph; Trial, b. 1677; Deliverance.
3. Johanna Rockit, born August 14, 1667, was without doubt, says the town clerk of Mendon, the daughter of John and Joanna Rockit. She married Nicholas Cook.

THE STAPLES ANCESTORS

1. John Staples settled in Weymouth, Mass., about 1648 and died in 1658. He married Margery ———. Children: Rebecca, b. 1639, Joseph, b. 1642.
2. Abraham Staples, a son probably of John and Margery, removed from Weymouth to Mendon in 1663 and died October 20, 1703. He married September 17, 1660, Mary, daughter of Robert Randall, who died March 9, 1712.
3. Abraham Staples Jr. born June 14, 1663, married Mehitabel. Children: Mehitabel, b. 1689; Mehitabel, b. March 20, 1692; and probably Elizabeth.

THE RANDALLS

1. Robert Randall, born in 1608, settled in Weymouth where he was made a freeman in 1647 and made his will in 1691. He came from Wendover, County of Bucks. His first wife Mary died September 1, 1640. Children: John, Thomas, Mary, and Hannah, who married John Warfield.

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2. Mary Randall, born March 20, 1642, married in 1660, Abraham Staples.

THE WARDS

1. William, "a descendant of Ward, one of the captains of William the Conqueror," in 1639 settled in Sudbury where in 1644 he was chosen representative. He removed in 1660 to Marlboro where he served as selectman, representative and deacon. During King Philip's War his buildings were burned, his cattle killed, and one of his sons slain by the Indians. He was one of the soldiers who were in garrison at Sudbury in this war. Deacon William Ward died at Marlboro, August 10, 1687, aged 84. His first wife died about 1633 and his second wife Elizabeth, December 9, 1700. Children of Deacon William Ward:

John, b. 1626 m. Hannah Jackson
Joanna, b. 1628 m. A. Williams
Obadiah, b. 1632 m.
Richard, b. 1635 m. Mary Moore
Deborah, b. 1637 m. John Johnson
Hannah, b. 1639 m. Abraham How
William, b. 1640 m. Hannah Eames
Samuel, b. 1641 m. Sarah How
Elizabeth, b. 1643 m.
Increase, b. 1644 m.
Hopestill, b. 1646 m. James Wood
Mary, b. 1647 m. Daniel Stone
Eleazar, b. 1649 m. Hannah Rice
Bethiah, b. 1658 m. Daniel Rice

2. Obadiah Ward, born in 1632, owned land in Sudbury in 1653. In 1662 he removed to Marlboro

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

where in 1689 he was chosen representative. He died January 5, 1718, aged 86. He married November 13, 1667, Mary ——— who died August 22, 1706. Children: Alice, b. 1668; William, b. 1670; Obadiah, b. 1672; Bethiah, b. 1674; Mary, b. 1676; Jane, b. 1677; Edmund, b. 1679; Sarah, b. 1681; Richard, b. 1683; Elizabeth, b. 1685; Hannah, b. 1688; Eleazar, b. 1689; Prudence, b. 1691.

3. William Ward, born at Marlboro, January 7, 1670, removed in 1720 to Ashford, Conn., and later to Union, where he died January 8, 1731, aged 61. His widow Judith died January 21, 1746. Children: William, b. 1691; Gamaliel, b. 1694; Jacob, b. 1696; Judith, b. 1699; Keziah, b. 1703; Dinah, b. 1704.
4. William Ward Jr., born June 9, 1691, settled in Union, where he became a prominent man and owned several farms, on one of which is a large rock marked "W. W." and known as "Rock W." He married Rachel — and died in 1780. Children:
 - Uriah, b. 1715 m. Eliza Ingeham
 - John, b. 1716 m.
 - Ebenezer, b. 1719 m. Anna Peache
 - Moses, b. 1722 m. Eunice Rood
 - Obadiah, b. 1725 m. Esther Ruggles
 - Rachel, b. 1727 m. Joseph Enos
 - Jesse, b. 1729 m. Elizabeth Abbe
 - Benjamin, b. 1731
 - Sarah, d. 1740
 - William, d. 1735
5. John Ward, born November 9, 1716, married first, October 10, 1739, Abigail Walker, who died, January 5, 1746 and second, March 27, 1748,

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

Abigail Heath of Tolland, who died February 21, 1813, aged 82. He removed to Belchertown where he died in 1800. Children:

Sarah, b. 1740 m. Jonah Drake
Dorcas, b. 1742 m.
Eunice, b. 1744 m. Capt. Sherman
John, b. 1747 m.
Aaron, b. 1748 m.
John, b. 1749 m. Bethia Fuller
Benjamin, b. 1751 m. Mary Clough
Tirzah, b. 1753 m. Richard Lull
Termiah, b. 1754 m. Samuel Ward
Sibyl, b. 1756 m. Benjamin Clough
Mehitabel, b. 1759 m. John Pease
Ruth, b. April 21, 1761 m. Guild Willson
Hepzibah, b. 1765 m. Ebenezer Hawks
Benluh, b. 1767 m. Samuel White
Moses, b. 1769 m. Rachel Convers
Ebenezer, b. 1774 m. Rebecca Randall

THE BENNETTS

1. Deliverance Bennett, married Molly Benedict, born 1741, died April 23, 1835. She was the daughter of Nathaniel Benedict.
2. Nathaniel Bennett, born 1768, died July 25, 1851; married 1793 to Sarah Cabel, born 1776, died May 19, 1843.
3. Sarah Bennett, born 1809, died —; married Benjamin Farley Tyler, born 1803, son of Frederick Tyler.

THE BENEDICTS

1. Thomas Benedict, born 1617, died 1690; married 1638 to Mary Bridjum.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

2. John Benedict, married November 11, 1670 to Phoebe Gregory, daughter of John Gregory.
3. John Benedict, born March 3, 1676, died January 16, 1766; married Mary Haite, born September 1, 1677, died June 5, 1747, daughter of John Haite.
4. Nathaniel Benedict, born 1716, died April 2, 1806; married Mary Lockwood, born March 7, 1720, died January 12, 1763, daughter of Joseph Lockwood.
5. Molly Benedict.

THE LOCKWOODS

1. Robert Lockwood, died 1658; married Susannah.
2. Ephraim Lockwood, born 1641; married Mercie Sention, daughter of Mathias Sention.
3. Joseph Lockwood, born April 1, 1680, died November 23, 1760; married August 1707, Mary Wood, daughter of Jonas Wood.
4. Mary Lockwood.

THE GREGORYS

1. Adam Gregorie, married ——— Ormeston, daughter of Ada Ormeston.
2. William Gregory, married Dorothy Parre.
3. Hugo Gregory, married Maria ———.
4. Thomas Gregory, married Dorothy Beeston.
5. John Gregory, married Alicia ———.
6. Henry Gregory, married ———.
7. John Gregory, married Sarah ———.
8. Phoebe Gregory, married November 11, 1670, John Benedict, son of Thomas Benedict.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

N. B.

Careful searches of town and county records in Massachusetts fail to reveal the parentage of Guild Willson.

The family tradition that his mother's name was Mary Guile makes it probable that his parents were Uriah Willson and Mary Guild of Wrentham.

CHAS. LYMAN SHAW



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N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

